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This life I will now live

"Hitoshi! Come on! Let's go over to my dorm!" Midoriya grinned exitedly, "You did awesome! Even Aizawa said you'll be trasferred to the hero course next year!"

"You sure? I'm pretty sure that half of your class hates me, at the very least..." Shinsou rubbed the back of his head.

"Nonsense! After your performance today, I'm sure they've changed their mind!"

Shinsou just let Midoriya drag him by the arm to the 1-A dorms, and wondered just when had he gotten so comfortable around the smaller boy.

It started off after the Sports Festival, with Midoriya waiting outside his classroom one day. Shinsou didn't have any friends due to his quirk, but Midoriya just grabbed him by the arm, ignoring the taller boy's protests as he dragged him to the staff room, where Aizawa was waiting.

Midoriya had ended up excitedly telling him that he had talked to Aizawa, and thought that his quirk was awesome, but due to it not being a phsyical quirk, it was difficult to train, and that if he wanted to enter the hero course, he was going yo have to work on his physical strength instead of just relying on his quirk.

Shinsou's first response was to stare at Midoriya, then at Aizawa, then back at Midoriya, then back at the teacher, in utger confusion.

"Eh?" Was the first thing that came out of his mouth, and he had mentally slapped himself for making a fool our of himself in front of the boy who had defeated him and the hero he admired the most.

In the end, Midoriya had ended up helping Aizawa to train Shinsou, sparring with him, and letting him use his quirk on him with the

only rules of not making him do anything too embarrassing.

The most embarrassing thing Shinsou made Midoriya do was to make him do a split, really. He was just really curious how flexible Midoriya was.

Midoriya had been really friendly with him during lunches, and even before lessons, but sometimes, his classmates, especially Ojiro, or Hagakure, would pull him away on the pretense of having something important to tell Midoriya.

Shinsou didn't mind. He knew they still thought of him as a villain, that his quirk was evil. He had managed to apologise to Shoda for brainwashing him, and the shorter boy, while still wary of him, didn't just glare at him and ignore him like most of 1-A did.

He had tried to seek Ojiro and Aoyoma out to apologise to them, but they just shoved past him, ignoring what he was trying to say, not even giving him a chance. He had tried to get to them through Midoriya's other classmates, not wanting to worry his green haired friend, but Yaoyorozu brushed him off. Todoroki didn't spare him a second glance.

Shoji walked past him like he didn't hear the purple haired teen calling for him.

Jiro ignored him.

Koda just gestured something that he couldn't understand before he scuttled away.

Mineta just ran away from him, yelling that he was a monster and a villain.

A villain.

It didn't matter. It still hurt, always being called a villain.

But Midoriya appreciated him, and Aizawa was willing to put up with him.

That was infinitely better than the past ten years of his life with no

one at all.

Even when none of his teammates from neither 1-A nor 1-B were willing to talk to him during the trials, with Kirishima and Kaminari looking at him blankly, Asui pretending to not listen, and Koda ignoring him, and all the 1-B students save for Monoma just glancing past him like he didn't exist, it didn't matter to him.

"You were really awesome, Hitoshi! The way you just looped the capture weapon around Shishida was so cool!"

"You were there when I was practicing, Izuku."

"Hey, it's cooler watching you do it than being the one tangled in your mess of a weapon."

"Says the one breaking his bones left and right."

"Hitoshi! You know I don't do that anymore!"

Yeah. Finally having a friend was nice.

"Where did Midoriya go off to this time?" Asui asked.

"I think he went to talk to Shinsou." Uraraka replied.

"He is?" Ojiro stood up in alarm, "We need to get him back! Who knows what he's going to do to him!"

"Shinsou? With Midoriya?" Hagakure yelped, "This is bad! Todoroki, do you know where they are."

"No I don't." Todoroki shook his head.

"Metal can only get so hard, you know! While every time you get beat, you get tougher! Me and you, we got our own strengths!"

"Is that Tetsutetsu?" Midoriya asked.

"I think so." Shinsou replied, as he neatly placed his shoes in a corner.

"Dinner tonight is beef stew!" Iida yelled, as he quick walked throughout the dorms.

"Oh, nice. And 1-B is here too!"

"Midoriya, get away from him." Ojiro stood up from his seat on the sofa.

"Eh? Get away from who?" Midoriya cocked his head and asked.

"Step away from Shinsou. He's brainwashing you into being his friend. He's just trying to use you. I have no idea what Aizawa Sensei sees in him, but he's evil."

"Hitoshi isn't evil!" Midoriya protested, "Is this some kind of sick prank? Cause if it is, stop immediately."

"If you don't want me here... I'll just leave..." Shinsou backed away slowly, but Midoriya just grabbed his arm, "Hitoshi, you didn't do anything wrong!"

"Midoriya, please, he's brainwashing you to think he's nice." Ojiro pleaded, "I don't know how powerful it is now, but please get away from him. He's just a villain, no matter what he made you think."

Shinsou froze up.

Villain.

There was that word again. That word that hurt so much, that plagued him since his childhood.

Villain. Villain. You're just a villain. You're just a villain.

And suddenly, the entire living room felt like Todoroki had frozen the entire place in ice. All the conversations stopped as they turned to face the source of the pressure, the pressure that threatened to crush them all, as Bakugou promptly turned pale.

Shit.

"Say that, to my face, one more time. I dare you." Midoriya was emotionless. He looked at Ojiro, and Ojiro couldn't help but flinch back from the sheer pressure, anger, and who knew what other repressed emotions Midoriya was currently giving out.

Todoroki tensed up. This wasn't the kind, bubbly Midoriya that they all knew, the one that was happy, and cried a lot.

This Midoriya was ferocious, eyes sharp, like he was ready to kill.

"Izuku... it's fine. It's not like it's the first time I've been called a villain because of my quirk. I'll just leave. I'm clearly unwanted here."

Midoriya turned around and grabbed his arm.

"Just because you were called a villain a lot in the past doesn't make it right for them to call you one know when you literally haven't done anything wrong."

"Midoriya... please... he's brainwashing you to pity him! Stop -"

Aoyoma stopped talking when Midoriya glared at him.

"You said that you were freed from the effects of his quirk when someone bumped into you, didn't you, Ojiro-*kun?*"

He grabbed his left forearm, and powered up his quirk in his right hand.

Shinsou's eyes widened.

"Izuku, no! If you -"

SNAP!

Everyone stared at Midoriya as his left arm dangled uselessly, as tears threatened to escape from Midoriya's eyes. Shinsou wasn't sure if it was from his overflowing emotions or from the pain, but he had also been stunned into silence.

"There! Now do you believe me!? That I chose to stick with him of my own free will, and he didn't use his quirk?! Because if you're still not convinced I will break every single bone in my body to prove it!"

"Deku... what... why...." Uraraka gasped.

Tears rolled down the boy's cheeks as he yelled.

"Am I not allowed to help someone who is in the same position I was in!? Someone who's been put down by this messed up society for their quirk, of all things, instead of who he was!?"

Midoriya was crying as he took a breath.

Izuku, what are you talking about? You have a powerful quirk! Sure, it breaks your body but -

"Do you have any idea how many times I've been told to kill myself because I didn't even have a quirk!?"

Who dyed his red heart to black?

Everyone had been stunned into silence.

Shinsou didn't know if it was because Midoriya was implying that he was quirkless, or the shock that someone, someone had actually told the kind cinnamon roll to go kill himself.

Midoriya was still crying as he desperately tried to suck oxygen into his lungs.

"I have been made fun of my entire life for not having a quirk! Bullied, teased, pranked! I'm pretty sure Hitoshi has gone through worse things that me for his quirk, and I'm not gonna let you say anything bad about him when he's trying his best! I thought you were better than this! I thought the students accepted into UA wouldn't be participating in quirk discrimination, if UA was willing to let a quirkless student take the heroics entrance exam!"

"But... Deku... you have a quirk! You punched the Zero Pointer!" Uraraka protested.

What was he talking about? He clearly has a quirk! There's no way a normal human could do that... and the green lighting-

"That was the first time I ever used a quirk! For the first time in my life, that stupid wish of waking up with a quirk was fulfilled!"

"But you have a quirk now, no?" Aoyoma tried to reason, "With a quirk as versatile as yours, he could make you -"

"SHUT UP!" Midoriya roared.

"You keep calling him a villain for his quirk! If that's the case, all of us are villains! You, me, Uraraka, Aizawa Sensei, All Might, all of us might as well be villains!"

He hastily wiped the tears in his eyes away, before he growled, "Hitoshi isn't a bad person! He'll never be! But yet, all you do is judge him for his quirk! If I remained quirkless, are you gonna tell me that I'm worthless!? That I'm a useless waste of space!? That I should throw myself off the roof of a building or hang myself like everyone other person told me to!?"

His breath hitched, as all the old memories clouded his mind.

"Worthless Deku!"

"Yeah! He's better off dead!"

"He wants to be a hero!? He's be dead before he even moves! Or maybe he should just be killed by a villain!"

"Wanna be like All Might? Stop joking around. A quirkless freak like you can't do shit!"

~~*"Go hang yourself, Deku!"*~~

~~*"You're useless, Deku! Go kill yourself!"*~~

~~Go take a swan dive off the roof of a building and hope for a quirk in your next life~~

That familiar, uncomfortable feeling bubbled up in his chest, and he felt like he couldn't breath. He felt dizzy, like the entire world was spinning, and he felt the faint urge to throw up.

Midoriya fell backwards, and Shinsou yelped and caught the boy as he collapsed, gasping for breath.

"Izuku? Izuku, calm down!"

"No. No no no, shut up! Shut up! I'm not useless, I'm not worthless, shut up shut up SHUT UP!"

The rest of the hero course students could only look at the panicking green haired teen, stunned, not knowing what to do.

Shinsou bit his lip.

He was having a panic attack.

Panic attacks were horrible. Shinsou should know. He had panic attacks all the time, as he hid under the sheets and wrapped his arms around himself in the middle of the night, desperately trying to wait it out.

Shinsou didn't want to do this. This was exactly what everyone had been accusing him of doing. But he didn't want Midoriya to be trapped in the depths of his own mind, especially not with a volatile quirk that had literally gone out of control a few hours before, and with a broken arm.

He shook Midoriya a bit rougher that he intended.

"Izuku, can you hear me?"

"Hitoshi -"

He activated his quirk, and Midoriya's mind went blank.

"Deep breaths. Calm down." He commanded.

Ojiro, Shoda and Aoyoma let out a strangled breath at the activation of Shinsou's quirk.

Midoriya's breath came in more evenly, and Shinsou released his hold on Midoriya's mind.

"Feeling better?"

Midoriya gave a weak nod, and grasped at Shinsou's arm desperately.

"Midoriya, he just brainwashed you! Get away -"

"ALL OF YOU SHUT UP!" Midoriya screamed, interrupting Kaminari, "I HATE ALL OF YOU! LEAVE HITOSHI ALONE!"

He burst into tears, and curled up in a ball, sobbing on the ground.

"Stop bullying him! He didn't even do anything to you!"

"Izuku, no! That's bad for your arm! You need to see Recovery Girl!" Shinsou was at a loss. Midoriya wasn't even listening anymore, as he just clung to Shinsou's arm and cried.

"What is going on?"

Aizawa and Kan didn't know what to expect when they entered the dorms.

"Do you have any idea how many times I've been told to kill myself because I didn't even have a quirk!?"

"Was that Midoriya?" Kan frowned.

"I have been made fun of my entire life for not having a quirk! Bullied, teased, pranked! I'm pretty sure Hitoshi has gone through worse things that me for his quirk, and I'm not gonna let you say anything bad about him when he's trying his best! I thought you were better than this! I thought the students accepted into UA wouldn't be participating in quirk discrimination, if UA was willing to let a quirkless student take the heroics entrance exam!"

Aizawa turned round the corridor from his room to figure out what was going on.

He knew Midoriya had issues. Lack of self esteem, praising everyone and putting them high up pedestals like he was some unworthy commoner. There were times where he had a horrible appetite, but Midoriya had written it off as stress for homework, or the provisional license exam.

But he wasn't quirkless. There was no way a quirkless person could smash that Zero Pointer like it was an aluminum drink can.

"But... Deku... you have a quirk! You punched the Zero Pointer!"

"That was the first time I ever used a quirk! For the first time in my life, that stupid wish of waking up with a quirk was fulfilled!"

Aizawa covered his mouth in mute horror, before he could let out a

sound. Kan was about to intervene, but Aizawa pulled him back.

He had thought that Midoriya's quirk was untrained, so he never had a good grasp on it. Midoriya kept saying he couldn't control it, but he didn't realize that *it had only recently manifested.*

No wonder he was so shitty at using it!

Both Aizawa and Kan were stunned into silence as they listened, not daring to look around the corner lest the students see them.

"If I remained quirkless, are you gonna tell me that I'm worthless!? That I'm a useless waste of space!? That I should throw myself off the roof of a building or hang myself like everyone other person told me to!?"

Gods, what had happened to the poor kid!?

Aizawa growled, before he finally intervened, "What is going on?"

He looked at the crying Midoriya, his arm swollen, as Shinsou tried to comfort him, as the rest of the class stood around in a loss.

"Shinsou, bring Midoriya to his room. It's on the second floor. I'll get one of the students to bring dinner up later." Aizawa ordered, and Shinsou nodded, lifting up the boy gently and made his way to the stairs.

The common room grew silent.

"Now someone explain what is going on!?"

The only sound left in the room was Midoriya's cries haunting the 1-A area.

Our tomorrow sheds blood

Shinsou carefully jabbed the lift button as he cradled Midoriya in his arms. He would use the stairs, but he wasn't risking carrying Midoriya up and dropping him by accident. Midoriya, while scrawny looking, actually packed a ton of muscles underneath his clothes and was heavier than he looked.

I'm not worth it. Why did he stand up for me? He carefully exited the lift, and found Midoriya's door with his nameplate next to it. He pushed it open, expecting it to be locked, but to his surprise, it wasn't.

Midoriya was still shaking in his arms, as Shinsou gently placed Midoriya on his bed, being extra careful of his broken arm, before he stood back up.

"Do you... want anything? I can go get it for you." Shinsou hesitantly asked, as he looked around the room. All Might merchendise filled Midoriya's walls, his table, even his shelves, and he turned back to look at the green haired boy who had rolled over on his side, trying to grab at Shinsou's arm desperately.

"No no no... please don't leave... I don't wanna be alone again..." He gasped for breath, and tried to turn over, but Shinsou reached over and gently pushed him back down, before sitting down on the ground, leaning against the leg of Midoriya's bed, resting his arms and head on Midoriya's bed.

"Fine. I'll stay."

Midoriya was still sobbing, as he tried to curl in on himself, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought you here. I should have known they didn't like you. I'm sorry they were so mean to you. I'm sorry that I couldn't make them change their minds. I'm sorry that I created this situation that would make them call you a villain. I'm so sorry-"

Shinsou reached up to ruffle Midoriya's hair, effectively shutting

Midoriya up as he let out a small whine, "Shh. It's not your fault, okay? You didn't know. It was never your fault."

Midoriya was exhausted, his head was pounding, his heart was aching so badly, and his arm was throbbing painfully, and he felt his eyes flutter shut.

Aizawa grit his teeth in frustration, as Iida hastily explained the entire situation to him. Kan had already gone out to fetch Shuzenji, and pretty much all of the students were looking at the floor guiltily. Strangely, Bakugou looked the most guilty out of them all.

Midoriya had done such a good job recently in not breaking himself. The last time he had done so was against Muscular, and Aizawa couldn't even blame him for that because the damned villain was way too strong for pretty much any of the other students.

And then, Midoriya had gone and broken his arm *again*, this time for a friend.

Aizawa couldn't even get mad at him; if someone he had known for a long time had called Shinsou a villain; he would probably break his own arm as well to prove that he wasn't being brainwashed, if using his quirk on Shinsou still failed to prove his point.

"Monoma, go check on Midoriya. Bring an ice pack up for him as well. As for the rest of you, who were the ones who actively called Shinsou a villain, regardless if it was today, or in the past?" Aizawa ordered.

Ojiro and Aoyoma raised their hands, and Mineta followed suite after everyone else glared at him.

"Now, who has actively avoided talking or interacting with Shinsou, or pulled Midoriya away from talking with him, or had talked about him being a villain behind his back?" Aizawa growled. When he was younger, his quirk was often labeled either as useless, since it wasn't a physical quirk, or villainous, since he could take quirks away from

other people. He knew what quirk discrimination felt like, and how people usually reacted to it.

Pretty much everyone in the room, including students in 1-B, looked away from him, guilt written on their features.

"I'm going to be very clear with you now. Quirk discrimination is not tolerated here at UA. I want all of you to think about what you've done and apologise to Shinsou, as well as Midoriya because you've clearly upset him." Aizawa stated, "I don't care how you do it. Write him a note, email him, talk to him face to face, as long as he accepts it, its fine."

"Shit. I didn't think it affected that fucker so much." Bakugou suddenly cursed, out of the blue.

"Bakugou, what are you talking about?" Aizawa asked, walking closer to Bakugou.

"I didn't think that telling Deku to take a swan dive off the roof would affect him that much."

Kirishima, Ashido, Sero and Kaminari stared at Bakugou in pure horror.

"Excuse me, what?!" Aizawa growled, "You told him to what?!"

"I didn't know." Bakugou muttered, without the usual bite in his voice.

"How could you not know that telling Midoriya to kill himself wouldn't hurt him!?" Aizawa demanded, his quirk flaring.

"Everyone else did so!" Bakugou protested, "Ever since he was declared quirkless since he was four, everyone's told him to do so! Adults, other kids, even some of the teachers... I thought it was normal!"

Aizawa promptly released his quirk and turned pale at the revelation.

Just how many people have suicide-baited the problem child?! For how

long as the poor kid suffered discrimination for being quirkless!?

He was going to have to get Midoriya and Shinsou to talk to Inui. Being called a villain, quirk discrimination, suicide baiting, all of that had been festering for far too long for it to be healthy.

Was that why Midoriya was willing to throw himself away for his friends? For him to hurt himself to make Todoroki use his quirk? To fight Stain to protect Iida? To risk his life to get Kota away from Muscular? To break the rules to save Bakugou?

Was it because he thought that lowly of himself? Because he thought he was expendable?

Gods, he couldn't even attempt to be mad at the problem child because it wasn't even his fault. How Midoriya hadn't tried to follow their words to kill himself, or even turn into a villain was a miracle.

"I got Recovery Girl." Kan entered the dorms, Shuzenji right behind him, and she quickly made her way up the stairs to Midoriya's room.

Monoma quietly knocked on the door, and pushed it open.

"Hey, you guys okay?" Monoma asked as he poked his head in.

"I'm fine." Shinsou stated, before turning to Midoriya, who had started tearing up quietly as he slept, "I don't think he is, though."

He reached upwards, and ran his fingers through Midoriya's fluffy curls. Midoriya whimpered at the contact at first, before he leaned into Shinsou's touch, practically shoving his head at Shinsou's hand. Monoma relaxed at the interaction, and sat down beside Shinsou.

"So... you two seem rather close. I thought you didn't want to make friends."

Shinsou gave a dry laugh, "That was what I thought, until this idiot waltzed his way into my life. I don't even think he knows what kind of effect he has on everyone."

Monoma snorted, "He's an idiot, all right. A completely innocent, flowery, idiot who thinks that everyone can be good."

Shinsou just nodded, and leaned back against the bed.

"Thanks for... you know... not calling me a villain and talking to me... unlike everyone else..."

"You're welcome, I guess?" Monoma shrugged, "My quirk literally lets me copy other people's quirks. I've been called a villain a couple of times when I was younger, though people realised that my quirk only copies people's quirks and doesn't outrightly take them away, and it got better. Never thought that Midoriya lived his life mostly quirkless, though. He seems to be pretty proficient with his quirk. Then again, it makes sense how he tore himself apart fighting Todoroki at the Sports Festival, though."

"I didn't know either. But he probably didn't want to reveal it; he's probably ashamed of it and he was even suicided baited before."

"Oh, that was Bakugou."

Shinsou swerved around to face the blonde, "Excuse me, what?"

"Bakugou admitted that he had told Midoriya to jump off a roof."

Shinsou made a move to stand up, and growled, "Well, now I'm going to have to murder that spiky pomenarian."

"Cool it. Aizawa-sensei's dealing with it. Plus, it wasn't just him, Midoriya was practically suicide baited by pretty much everyone he met, according to Bakugou, and honestly, I don't feel that Bakugou is the kind of person to tell Midoriya that unless he somehow felt that it was completely justified." Monoma mumbled.

"I thought you hated 1-A." Shinsou grumbled.

"I do. They're too stuck up and I need to bring them back to earth, and remind them not to stick their heads too far up their asses. But suicide-baiting... this is huge. I'm not that insensitive."

There was another knock on the door.

"Hello? This is Recovery Girl."

"Can you get the door?" Shinsou mumbled, gesturing to his arm, which Midoriya was currently grabbing with his uninjured arm, "I'm stuck."

Monoma snorted, but he stood up, and opened the door for Shuzenji. The nurse quickly entered the room, before she laid her eyes on Midoriya's swollen arm, before sighing in frustration, "One day, he's going to end up breaking his arms permanantly. There's only that much abuse it can take before it eventually becomes unfixable."

Monoma and Shinsou both froze, as Shuzenji moved in to give Midoriya a kiss on his arm, and couldn't do anything but stare as Midoriya's broken arm erupted into a green glow, his bones and muscles slowly fixing themselves back together.

He knew. Shinsou thought, guilt flooding into his mind, *he knew that he couldn't afford to break his arms anymore. And yet, he just casually broke his arm for me. That could have been the very last time that he could have his arm intact, and he risked it for me.*

"Shinsou, I know you care about him. Take care of him, okay?" Shuzenji sighed, as she moved to exit the room, "Monoma, I know you hate 1-A, but help him out too, okay?"

Monoma just gave her a sullen nod, and Shuzenji gently close the door behind her.

"Well... I'll go check if dinner is ready. I'll bring a portion up for you, okay?" Monoma stood up, and turned towards the purple haired boy. He found that Midoriya had somehow flipped over in his sleep, and was literally hugging Shinsou's arm like a pillow, much to the taller's chargrin.

"Yeah, like I have much of a choice here." Shinsou grumbled, but he still reached up with his free hand to ruffle Midoriya's fluffy curls.

Monoma let out a sharp bark of laughter, before he pulled the door open, closing it behind him quietly as he made his way to the stairs.